



THE HOME CIRCLE PAGE

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THE SILLY SILHOUETTE AGAIN

Oh, the silly silhouette! Say what you like it is really worse this season than ever before. Walking down town you see before you what looks like a hoghead except that a tapering pin-point structure tops it. It is walking and you have a weird idea that there is something familiar to you in its motion. On coming closer you discover that the hoghead is really your fat friend, Mrs. Jones, in her new winter garb. Dressed sanely Mrs. Jones does not look to weigh more than her 150 pounds; in her new winter garb she gives the impression that she would turn the scale at 400.

Stout Ladies Wear Styles Intended for Slender Girls and Vice Versa.

duvety that ripples over her generous hips as the marcel waves of the sea ripple over the beach; a great belt encircles her waist making her girth seem at least two yards around; the skirt beneath the coat is as full as the fullest of this season's skirts, and as short as the shortest, revealing not only plump ankles but plump calves as well.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER SAYS

THAT this is the season of seasons for entertaining, what with debutante luncheons and after-theatre suppers and dinner parties, and that in consequence hostesses are making their brains to think of new and delicious dishes to set before their guests. It is a known fact that these latter persons are somewhat critical. They expect a menu worthy of their distinguished consideration when they accept an invitation.

spreads out smiling and good-natured like a piece of dough under a rolling pin. "My dear," she says when you come up to her, "how do you like me?" Now who could be so heartless as to answer that question truthfully? Not you, certainly. So you evade it by saying "You look as if you were straight from Paris," which you hope will satisfy her. Apparently it does for she asks no more questions. You walk ten blocks with her, but it is not too much to say that you do it unwillingly. You like Mrs. Jones in her private and personal capacity as a lady but as an exponent of this season's most extreme styles you are ashamed of her.

It is at a dance that you meet Mrs. Smith fresh from the hands of a Parisian dressmaker. She weighs 210 pounds and has a double chin. Her costume is superb; no one would deny



that. The underskirt is of silver lace, the full pleated tunic of pink satin. The latter stands out over her hips as if it were wired. She is certainly four yards in diameter.

fashion than to look ridiculous. Mrs. Robinson calls herself to your attention by wearing a postillion hat. The postillion hat, it is hardly necessary to explain, is that one now so popular which resembles a man's silk hat, only that its crown is slightly lower. Mrs. Robinson is not young. Her face is worn; there are crow's feet about her eyes; her hair is tinged with gray. A postillion hat is about as suitable to her as a baby's cap. Why does she wear it?

Probably because it is a new shape. She should have taken a sister with her when she went to buy a hat; if there is one person more than another who tells you the truth about yourself and your faults of features it is a sister.



And these are not all of the horrible examples that you could name. There are stout ladies who wear pinner and bustle drapery, and short-necked ladies who wear collars so high that they look as if their throats were bandaged for tonsillitis, and tiny little

Co say that fashions change is merely to state a truism and yet it does seem sad that we must not only alter our petticoats with the prevailing modes but our furniture as well. This is merely a preamble to comment on the fact that iron beds and brass beds erstwhile so fashionable, have disappeared and are no more seen in the homes of those who follow the styles.

It seems but a few short months ago since we picked up our wooden beds hoddly as it were and cast them into outer darkness, declaring that they were unclean and generally pestiferous.

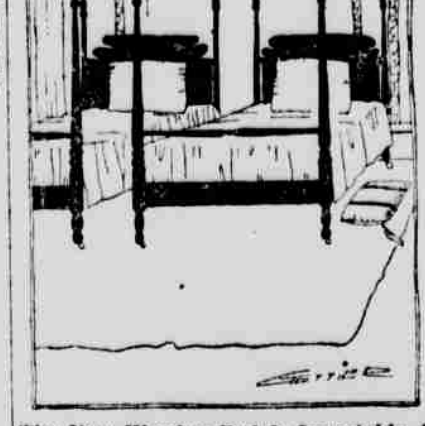


The four-poster on which Uncle Michael died—and they were pine-apple posts too, think of it!—you sold to an old colored man for a song. If you had that four-poster now and were willing to part with it, which

THE BRASS BED IS OUT

And In Its Place Stand Twin Four Poster Beds of Mahogany.

many cubits wide and about as big over-all as a city apartment; whereas, the new wooden bed is invariably a



The New Wooden Bed Is Invariably A Single One.

single one, large enough for one person and one person only. In the olden days when a bed was made it was made to accommodate the family—mother, father and at least two children could sleep comfortably within its vast territory; but now that we've grown hygienic and modest nothing but the single bed obtains, and very single at that for it does not allow even one person much room to flounder about in when his conscience is troubling him and he cannot sleep.

And so nowadays at the second-hand man's there is nothing so conspicuous as the brass bed. There is the ornate brass bed with jig-saw-like trimmings for which your Aunt Jane paid \$75, and the plain brass bed with the brass wearing off most suspiciously, for which your Cousin Lettice paid a bare \$10, and other brass beds which you have known all twinklingly asking someone to purchase them. And in their places at home are twin beds of mahogany with four miniature posts, looking as much like the old-time tester beds as a little elephant looks like a big one.

It does seem a shame that there should be fashions in beds as well as in petticoats, but there are!

A pretty school frock for a girl is of navy blue serge. It is box-pleated from a yoke back and front and has a stitched belt of the material. The hemstitched rolling collar is of white faille silk and is finished with a plaid bow.

SEASONABLE JOTTINGS

Chile open fireplace has returned to favor and is a part of every up-to-date living room even if coal must be burned in it. Black walnut furniture is again considered smart and many of the new Queen Anne dining room suites are made of this wood, but the new pieces of furniture are not hideously carved as were the old ones.

The Adam patterns lead in bed room furniture and are very graceful and lovely. Upholstered pieces for living rooms are covered usually either with velvet or with subdued tapestry, and in the latter material the public taste seems to run to rather large figures. Among the pieces popular for bed and living rooms is the chaise-longue. This may be had either in wicker or

THE TOWNBREDS & their Country Place

(By Edward Riddle Padgett.)

Never Again for Mr. Townbred

FROM the very day the Townbreds moved to their country place at Five Oaks it was understood that Mrs. Townbred should run it. And this understanding was reached not through choice, or after argument and pleadings on her part, but as a matter of necessity—since Mr. Townbred knew nothing of the country, and his wife did.

Mrs. Townbred was delighted to assume the responsibility, but she insisted that neither the servants nor the chickens, nor the pigs, nor any other stock, for that matter—could serve two masters. Therefore, it was distinctly and flatly understood that Mr. Townbred should keep "hands off."

Now, if the truth be told, Mr. Townbred had been perfectly willing at first to abide by this agreement. Indeed, he was delighted with it; and he had no false pride, in that respect at least, about being "master in his own house, etc."

But as time went on he forgot the obligation and decided to take a hand in affairs at Five Oaks. So, being that sort, he did it first and then told Mrs. Townbred about it afterwards.

For months now Mr. Townbred had been interested in chickens—theoretically. He had subscribed to several poultry journals and had perused them avidly at his office; but his activities had been confined to walking through the chickenyard at home and occasionally making a suggestion or two which somewhat astonished his wife.

had been raising chickens all his life and asked what price the commission merchant was paying for hens a year and a half old, stating also that he would have a number of them to sell within a few days.

The fat merchant looked at him quickly, blinked a few times and concealed a smile as he replied that the market price of the day of sale would determine that. Then he added that he would be glad to take the chickens, and gave Mr. Townbred several of his shipping tags.

But Mr. Townbred wasn't content. He felt that, since this was his first venture in the poultry business, it was up to him to drive a good bargain and show Mrs. Townbred how capable he was of handling such matters. So he insisted that the merchant fix a price—

an approximate one, anyway. The fat dealer tilted his hat farther back on his head and grinned, stating that he wasn't a prophet and that were he able to foretell market price of chickens or any other commodity in advance he'd clean up a couple of times and retire from business. But, as a guess, he'd venture, say, eighteen a pound. And with that Mr. Townbred had to be content.

"Yes, they certainly do, Frieda," replied Mr. Townbred. "John is taking mighty good care of them." Then, casting his eye about critically, he waited just the proper time and added, "But it seems to me you have a lot of old hens here that can't be earning their salt."

Mrs. Townbred looked up at him in surprise. "Yes, I dare say you're right," she agreed slowly. "But—"

"Are those old birds laying, John," asked Mr. Townbred, determined to drive home his point and drive it quickly. "Take that old Rhode Island Red over there—she looks to me as though she has passed her laying days."

"You mean Biddy, sah?" said John. "Well, sah, she ain't drappin' a whole lot of eggs now. But she—"

high now." "Oh, that doesn't really pay, Ruthvin," said Mrs. Townbred. "Why, I don't believe we'd average more than thirty-five cents net apiece for them."

"Scuse me, Mr. Townbred," said John, shifting his weight to the other foot and handing his head, "but Ah'd hate fess dem hens sent to market. Yassah, dat Ah would! Ah done riz dem mahsef en Ah feeds dem en dey knows me—yassah, dey knows me by name! Specially Biddy! Yassah!"

Mr. Townbred, by main force, kept back a smile and tried to speak sternly. "That's all right, John, for you to be interested in them in that way," he said, "but it costs money to feed those hens—and they are losing money for us. You can't have any sentiment in the chicken business, John."

"Yassah, yassah," answered John sadly. "Now," continued Mr. Townbred turning to his wife, "I've made all arrangements with a commission merchant to ship all of our old hens into him tomorrow or the next day and he'll sell them for us."

"You—you—what?" exclaimed Mrs. Townbred. So Mr. Townbred explained again, and by way of additional information displayed the shipping tags. "Well do nothing of the sort!" declared Mrs. Townbred in positive tones. "Since when, may I ask, have you been running this place? Do you think I'd sell my good hens for any such price as that commission merchant would give? Market-price? Yes—minus his commission, and freight and hauling charges and war tax and—indeed!"

LITTLE FABLES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

A Difference

THERE was once a certain Young Man who was not only a Hog for Work himself, but also Doped it that Nobody Else had any right to Loaf on the Job. He wasn't in Business for himself, but he did hold down a Job which gave him the Say-So over a number of other employees. In fact, it was a Right Hefy one and he was Virtually his own Boss.

Did he Abuse It? Did he take it Easy? Nary an Abuse; nor any Ease. He worked like a Pile Driver and Drove himself Harder than he did any who had to Take Orders from him.

Not that he was a Slave-Driver. He wasn't, for the simple reason that he hadn't quite that much Authority. The other chaps were all Specialists in their line, more or less, and he was sort of the Filing and Book-Keeping office that put System and Record into their Work. So they never really Trembled for their Jobs so far as he was Concerned.

Now, they were not Loafers, for they brought in Big Money for the Boss and Worked when they did work. But they knew their own Value and didn't figure that they had any Right to the Clump of Envy. And, though he tried All Day, they managed to sandwich them, instead of spending good money to buy chicken."

In a few Comforts along with their Labors. For example, if one of them wanted an hour-and-a-half for Lunch, he wasn't Scared Green lest he be Called Down for taking more than a Half-Hour. And every now and then, when Business was Slack, they'd take an Afternoon Off and just Monkey Around.

This certain Young Man of ours had it Lodged in his Brain that to really Work a chap should be Doing Something all the time, no matter what, during Working Hours. Which, no doubt, is a Good Theory for a man who is content to be a Cog in his Firm's machine.

The fact that a fellow Landed a ten thousand dollar order of a morning, for instance, was no Reason Why in his opinion Said Fellow should take the afternoon off to Celebrate. Even if that Fellow couldn't find any more Prospective Customers in and ready to talk, he ought to spend the time at his Desk in the Office looking like a Busy Man at least—so Our Hero argued.

Wherefore, he used to Delight in telling the rest of them what Loafers they were and what an Easy Time Boss and Worked when they did work. But they knew their own Value and didn't figure that they had any Right to the Clump of Envy. And, though he tried All Day, they managed to sandwich them, instead of spending good money to buy chicken."

John's face fell. And he glanced sorrowfully at Biddy, his favorite.

for their Conduct. In fact, he couldn't even see how a Fellow could Bring Himself to Act That Way.

Now, it happened, one of these Fellows was a Golf Fiend. Indeed, it had him Going. And he lost no Opportunity of an afternoon to knock off a little Early and his himself to the Links. He was one of the best Business Getters in the Office, and he Earned every penny of his Salary, but—he would have his Golf. He, naturally, came in for the Bulk of Our Hero's facetious Remarks.

One day, said Fiend got O. H. when he wasn't Looking, so to speak. That is, he caught him in a Moment when the Business Desk wasn't Buzzing away inside his Noodle. Said Fiend urged him to close down his Desk and go out to the Country Club with him for a Breath of Fresh Air. And, fiend-like, he kept on until he Put it Over.

Our Hero went, feeling as though he were Robbing the Firm of a Million Dollars. But to his Amazement—he enjoyed himself. Nothing would do but that he must Take a Club and Whang away at the ball. Said Fiend stood by to give him Pointers and Encouragement.

After Three Holes O. H. made up his mind he could Make the rest of them in Fewer Strokes. And he Became really interested. That was the End, of course. They had to fairly Drag him off the Links that evening. Today, said Fiend isn't even in his Class. O. H. has applied his Principles of Business to the Grand Old Game and he Works hard at it. While he doesn't Skimp his work at the Office, he's possessed with a Fiend's Desire to Do it Quick and then Get Out.

He Gets, too! Moral—Never whang at a golf ball—nor even once!

